

NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1897.

WEATHER—Fair and cooler; northwesterly winds.

EUROPE'S
INTEREST IN
CUBA.

The concert of the European powers having had the glorious result of fastening Turkish slavery upon Crete and delivering the sovereignty of Greece over to a committee of bondholders, some of them are reported to be looking around for new opportunities to do equally beneficent work in the interest of humanity and liberty. The Paris Gaulois says it learns that at Budapest Emperor William of Germany and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria discussed the interference of the United States in the affairs of Spain to Cuba. The Paris paper adds:

Probably Germany and Austria will do all in their power to prevent the situation from becoming embittered, although unwilling to interpose too directly. Similar views are said to have been interchanged between France and Russia; so, if the occasion arises, the European powers, while respecting the feelings of independence of both countries, will find themselves in agreement in insisting that a policy of conciliation and peace must prevail.

The press of Germany, which has never forgiven the United States for preventing the seizure of Samoa, is raging now at American "presumption," "insolence," and the rest of it, and declaring that Europe must resist the Monroe doctrine. Naturally, the interest taken by Germany and Austria and other foreign nations in our attitude respecting a war being fought on an island less than a hundred miles from our coast, and thousands of miles from theirs, is flattering, but Americans in general are unable to perceive what legitimate concern European nations have in the matter. The Cuban war is an American question, and will be dealt with as such. Of course, the United States is not at present in a position to defy the whole of Europe, but it is not even remotely probable that we were to engage in war with Spain a coalition would be formed against us. Nevertheless, we must recognize the fact that the Old World is hostile, in interest and sentiment, to our claim of supremacy in the New. Always our assertions of the Monroe doctrine have excited anger and menacing protests, and it is not accepted yet as part of international law, but always we have had our way. Ultimately, however, we may have to fight to maintain our right to control in American affairs.

We shall no doubt have our way as to Cuba. The barbarous war there offends mankind. The London Spectator speaks for the heart and conscience of England when it says that "America's duty is to stop the long agony of Cuba. To prolong the war would be a crime, and if America chooses to end these hideous cruelties all Englishmen should applaud."

The United States will end bloodshed and devastation in Cuba notwithstanding the objections that are raised in Germany, Austria and elsewhere in Europe. The Administration has entered upon this task, too long delayed, and it cannot recede.

No private ownership of public franchises in the Greater New York. The streets belong to the people, not to the railroad companies.

SOME FACTS
ABOUT
BOSS PLATT.

He now proposes to nominate for Mayor of Greater New York his son's law partner, General Tracy. The Boss himself has a seat in the United States Senate and controls all Federal patronage in New York. The Governor of the State is his willing servitor. He owns the Legislature, and no law can be enacted without his consent. There is nothing more interesting in the present unique political situation than the prosperity of the Platt family.

The Democratic convention should pledge its candidates to secure schools enough for all the children of the Greater New York.

AN UNFIT
CONSUL
IN CUBA.

Indorses Weyler's statements as to the pacification of the four western provinces of the island, and adds:

As far as my personal knowledge goes, I cannot say that there are any insurgents. They have not a fighting chance to win unless the United States takes a hand in the matter. It seems to me they are about played out, as hundreds of the insurgent army have surrendered. The Cuban army is chiefly on paper. There may be five or six thousand of them in the eastern portion of the island in the three provinces which have not yet been subjugated.

And so on and so on. Coming from an obscure private individual, these astonishing assertions, so contrary to known facts, would deserve no attention. But as Mr. McGarr happens to be in an official position, it is timely, in the interest of truth, to state his claims to credibility.

Mr. Owen McGarr is an American by birth as well as a Consul in the service of the American Government. But he owes his appointment to Spanish influence. Some years ago he went to Cuba under engagement as superintendent of a great sugar plantation contiguous to Cienfuegos. It is not Mr. McGarr's good fortune to possess a giant intellect, and he was transferred, largely by the procurement of his Spanish employer, to the Consulate of the port. There, as every American who has visited Cienfuegos is aware, he has made himself conspicuous as a toady to the Spanish authorities. Weyler has in Cuba no more ardent an admirer nor eloquent a defender than grateful old Mr. McGarr. He flies the American flag over his office as seldom as possible, since the sight of the Stars and Stripes is disliked by the Spaniards, and his official shield, instead of being placed prominently on front of the building, is tucked out of view in the dark hallway.

President McKinley would do well to retire old Mr. McGarr. In mental capacity, in his personal obligations and connections, and in his superserviceable devotion to the cause of Spain, he is unfitted to discharge the duties, both commercial and political, of an American Consul in Cuba.

The people of New York demand dollar gas, and the Democratic platform should stand by the people.

THE CASE
OF
MR STRAUS.

An authorized representative of Mr. Nathan Straus has said of that gentleman: "He has determined to close up the sterilized milk work and the distribution of the modified milk products so far as this city is concerned." This statement was made immediately after the Court of Special Sessions had found Mr. Straus technically guilty of selling milk which failed by a very narrow margin to come up to the standard prescribed by law. Mr. Straus is not in the milk business for profit, but it is not free-

on that charge. It is curious that he should be chosen as the target for the shafts of the law.

Mr. Straus's purposes in distributing sterilized milk are wholly philanthropic. For him there has been no profit, and, it seems, little personal credit. The attempts to embarrass him, to check his endeavors, to defeat his ends, have been so persistent that it almost seems as if there existed a conspiracy against him and against the public spirited purpose he had in view.

The experience of Mr. Nathan Straus is not one to encourage other men of means to undertake philanthropic work in New York.

The second city of the world cannot endure village government. The infamous Raines law should be mended or ended.

COLLIS,
THE PUBLIC
PEST.

General Collis is furnishing New York with a keen compensatory pleasure. The spectacle of the Commissioner of Public Works attending to business is so remarkable, so unexpected by the public, so violently in contrast with his whole previous course, that it will take some time to enable the popular mind to adjust itself fully to the change. The general satisfaction is heightened by the knowledge that the Commissioner is not showing this belated activity willingly. Everybody knows why he is bestirring himself after long months of obdurate resistance to every appeal, every reminder of his duty. He started into life only when the legal proceedings against Baird, his Fifth avenue contractor, instituted at the instance of the Journal, were begun. He did not jump until the swish of the law's whip startled him. Nobody better than he knows how much he has to fear when the courts begin searching for the motives that have impelled him to transform so many of the city's streets into chasms and hills and impassable canyons.

The injury that Collis has inflicted on business it is possible to estimate, but the damage he has done to health, and the number of lives that have been sacrificed by reason of his criminal neglect of duty will never be accurately known. Yesterday the Journal quoted Dr. Cyrus Edson to show that, because of the condition of the streets, "never in the history of the city have the people been before called upon to face the probability of so great an epidemic of grip and malaria." Samples of the earth thrown up and left lying indefinitely in the most crowded part of Fifth avenue were sent by the Journal to Dr. Walter T. Scheele for chemical, microscopical and bacteriological analysis. "I find," reports Dr. Scheele, "that the samples of earth are saturated with decomposed animal and vegetable matter. Each of these samples is a hotbed for the bacilli of typhoid fever and kindred diseases, as well as of a nature to produce malaria in malignant form among persons residing in the vicinity of or often passing earth thus impregnated."

New York has Providence to thank that Collis has not brought pestilence upon it. The danger still exists, and will continue to exist until the streets are restored to a civilized condition.

There should be no pardon for Collis. His removal from office is one of the penalties that ought to be visited upon him. The Journal will see to it that whatever the law can do to adequately punish the man will be done.

COURTING
A LA
MORT.

The May's Landing jury which acquitted young Mr. Hibbard, offended the Judge who presided at the trial, confirmed the bar in its contempt for the judgment of the laity, and undoubtedly took a hard fall out of common sense. Yet it is more than probable that the feminine heart everywhere half-shudderingly glows with approval of the verdict of that sympathetic and fact-defying jury. Mr. Hibbard is very young, only nineteen, and had the common luck of a boy in choosing a woman much older than himself to love. She was forty and a widow, and, like most ladies past their springtime, took pleasure as well as amusement in being adored by a fresh and tender lad. But young Mr. Hibbard was no timorous and distant worshipper. Though he was still a schoolboy, he proposed marriage. The widow laughed and put him off, as any sensible woman would do. She liked him, of course; no woman under the circumstances could feel otherwise than kindly, but as for loving him, that was absurd. So young Mr. Hibbard got a revolver and shot her.

The lady recovered, but meantime the youth lay in jail, and then was placed on trial for his crime. While the trial was in progress the widow, accompanied by a preacher, made her way into the prison, married young Mr. Hibbard, and sat by her juvenile husband's side thenceforward in the court room. "He was crazy when he shot me," she sighed in explanation. "I love him." And now they have gone off on their honeymoon. And there is every likelihood that though she is more than old enough to be his mother, she will be a humble and obedient wife. Plenty of women who have not the slightest wish for lovers who aim at their mistresses' hearts with pistols will say of young Mr. Hibbard, "Well, he is a man, anyhow," which is a strictly feminine error, of course. It is not in the female heart to withhold a certain admiration from a male of any age who is willing to risk his neck for love. The ladies do not approve of such violence; they deprecate all ungentlemanly conduct, yet reckless ferocity in courtship is, after all, a tribute to the maddening power of the sex over man, despite his strength and fancied superiority.

Mrs. Hibbard, we believe, kept a boarding house at the time her present husband popped the question with a pistol. It is ninety-nine to one that she'll keep a boarding house again, and spend lonely hours in it, too.

LOCAL ISSUES
OF
THE HOUR.

It is of the greatest importance to the people of the metropolis that Boss Platt shall be prevented from making the Greater New York a mere football in Republican national and State politics. The local affairs of the second city in the world deserve fair treatment in a local election. And with this purpose in view provision was made in the new Constitution of the State that city elections should be held in odd numbered years, thus separating municipal from national issues. The people of New York want dollar gas, schools for all the children, municipal ownership of street railway, gas and electric light franchises, and the prompt repeal or amendment of the tyrannous Raines law. The Journal has presented abundant evidence of the popularity and timeliness of such common sense issues. The best citizenship of the Greater New York will hail with satisfaction and confidence ringing and exulting declarations by the Democratic convention on these pressing and vital questions of municipal progress.

A New Jersey youth found it necessary to take a gun and fill his sweetheart full of bird shot before she would consent to become his wife. The shotgun is rather a ruthless successor to the bow and arrow which used to figure in the Cupid episodes.

Commissioner Collis is doubtless impressed with the notion that a great many important things can be discovered in the newspapers that print the news.

Hon. Thomas Odier Platt is a vigorous and consistent advocate of the people.

The Plug Hat
of Park Row.

ON bright Sundays, as a rule, the Park row plug hat issues forth from its lair seeking whither it may deceive, for this mildewed monument of a dead ambition once starred in the field of letters. But that was years ago, when the hat was new—when the fire and hope of genius burned in the eyes beneath the brim. Those eyes are dim and tired and hopeless now, and the feeble bliff the old hat carries is truly pathetic.

Were it not for that dingy tile the thoughtless few might mistake the wearer for a printer or even an humble clerk in the circulation department. But he's an editor of some kind with a desk key in his pocket, and how nobly and conscientiously he lives up to the furtive dignity imparted by the hat on his Sunday out.

Week days and nights he creeps in and out of the office, inert and baggy-kneed, to toil in his musty den with paste pot and scissors and sometimes a little ink. The new generation on the hustling staff of



doesn't even know his name, but he was once a hustler himself and wore the plug hat every day. Great thoughts and bright ideas bubbled up under the crown of the hat—it dazzled scrub journalists at important political meetings; hung on a peg at source state functions and banquets—made trips to Europe, and was often seen in company with the managing editor's plug hat. By and by the brilliant achievements of this hat aroused the covetousness of the Park row muckrakers, and the plug went to the rounds. Its owner's name appeared, too, sometimes at the top and again at the bottom of scolding articles, and his admirers, for whom he didn't write some books and win an international reputation.

But Park row is a hotbed of feverish industry, where the triple expansion brain pumping into the daily grind finds little leisure for anything else. In time the plug hat lost its lustre and no longer illumined the high places. The crown sagged down with a dull, aching pressure, and the nap grew ruffled and flighty. Gray patches and wrinkles appeared under the brim on either side, and a tired droop bowed the shoulders that once set off the hat, still in its prime, to such good advantage. Then newer and fresher hats entered the field, and this old lid, rather than frequent police courts and morgues in an official capacity, pulled out of the race. But the owner hung on. His past experience renders him useful in other departments. With the naked eye he can discern jokes and choice miscellany that lurk in exchanges, and he is also clever at compiling tables of a spicy statistical character. And occasionally he emits an editorial paragraph on current topics that does no harm.

How many, I wonder, who glance at the hat on Sunday realize that under this bleak and battered ruin of other and better days there once lived and seethed and throbbed and bubbled a walking editor of Burke's Peerage and the Almanach de Gotha; a thorough understanding of political science, blood poisoning, bankruptcy, theosophy, freons of nature, spiritualism, bunco, the prize ring, amateur photography, tariff inconsistencies, golf and meteorological phenomena; the social problem, drink evil, labor, electricity, current literature, horse lore, baby farming, astronomy, sweeping down the floor, bearing a mammoth pyramidical structure of garnished dishes. Sue talks with two customers at once, winks at a third away off on the other side of the room, smiles in various degrees of familiarity at everybody else, and writes checks upon the little pad of paper at her waist—all without diminishing the continuous stream of glasses, dishes, bowls, napkins, knives, forks, etc., which she is perpetually either taking away or bringing.



How! Turnout! Clatter! Helter-skelter! Slam! Bing! Bang! "Hama and Bostondraw, twohreecomefour Number Sevenahurry!" "And away they started at a good twenty-fourty clip—" "Brown the wheats BROWN!" "And I told him that I thought he was just too mean for—" "Take away those griddle cakes—" "Ah there, Maggie Mooney; plum pudding for two and enough for four—" "No, and with that beef for Number Eight—" Din! Bustle! Hustle! Skirmish! Pitched battle! Explosion!

The waiter behind the counter is seven kinds of a machine with superhuman intelligence. He dishes up soup, codfish balls, meat pie and cold roasts at one and the same time; holding forks, spoons, ladies and covers in various fingers and balancing an assorted lot of plates in the air, all the while repeating orders to the cook below stairs, handling up the dumb waiter, removing his own supplies and doing two or three dozen other things.

"Hurryupwiththat!"—"Lemon pie with—" "The prime essence of the theory of superfluuous geological formations lies in the fact that—" "Crullers in the box?" "You wouldn't, would?"—"Are your peaches guaranteed to be this year's crop?"—"Check here!"—"Who ordered tomato soup?" "Scream! Shout! Yell!

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His Finish Is Visible.

An Atholman man who cannot bear to see suffering is taking consolation to a new view in the way of flowers and candy. It is his intention to break away

The Painter
and His Reward.

THE industry of the eminent artist of San Jose, Cal., Mr. A. D. Cooper, is indicated by the picture of Trilby, now on exhibition here, that attracted the attention and commendation of the amiable critic, Mr. James L. Ford. I am surprised, however, that Mr. Ford should confess his ignorance of the former works of this earnest young Western painter, whose last and greatest painting is so true to the textile art that the admiring spectator cannot tell where a genuine \$1.98 rug on the floor ends and a painted rug on the canvas begins.

No art critic in any town of the Sierra or the coast range would dare to write that Cooper is unknown to him and fame. Why, Cooper's portraits are in miners' cabins and farmhouses from Downville to Tehachapi, and possibly even to Yuma. He built up a great reputation by his own energy, with the aid of the sun and the most loquacious soliloquists that the promise of a liberal commission could employ. Mr. Cooper is no ordinary artist. From a tin type an inch square, when enlarged, he could paint over a solar print a likeness that would astonish the neighbors of the subject. His soliloquists, ambitious in the cause of art, sought orders and gathered photographs over every mountain trail in California. They were generous, too, to the patrons of the illustrious Cooper, diligently painting in San Jose, while his couriers braved food and tempest. If Mr. Haggerty, whose daughter Cooper painted from a photograph taken fourteen years before and a description, was out of ready money when the picture arrived, the agent would take payment in oats, or hay, or chickens, or, indeed, pigs, that might either be sold at the next town or shipped to San Jose.

Cooper is more than a mere portrait artist, like Sargent or Porter. He is an artist in painting the nude, and his pictures hang in saloons to which no Meiselman has ever been admitted.

The minutiae of the rug in the painting of the nude Trilby was equalled by an earlier touch of genius of this versatile artist. When Adelaide Nelson was yet alive to bewitch all mankind, Cooper painted her portrait from an excellent photograph. Being honest to his art, when he noticed with despair that he was not able to represent with his pigments the flashes from the diamonds in her ears and at her throat, he obtained, through one of his trusted soliloquists, several sparkling stones, in paste imitation of diamonds. By using glue, with the most artistic touch he stuck the gems to the canvas. The effect was splendid, as was declared by every art critic who attended the county fair at which the picture was hung on the line.

Is it wonderful that Mr. Cooper has achieved greatness? Is it strange that one of his pictures has reached New York and is exhibited on Broadway? Is it remarkable that the kindly Mr. Ford has praised his rug?

A DAILY SCENE IN A
CITY LUNCH ROOM.

CRACKLE, rattle, boom, smash, crash! "Would you please give me some?"—Hurry-bury! Upstart! Jangle! Football rush!

The pretty black-eyed waitress with the bunch of violets at her throat comes



sweeping down the floor, bearing a mammoth pyramidical structure of garnished dishes. Sue talks with two customers at once, winks at a third away off on the other side of the room, smiles in various degrees of familiarity at everybody else, and writes checks upon the little pad of paper at her waist—all without diminishing the continuous stream of glasses, dishes, bowls, napkins, knives, forks, etc., which she is perpetually either taking away or bringing.

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Baxter Street's
Frankenstein.

"DON'T you hear about Professor Lowenstein, over on Baxter street? No? Well, I'll tell you about it. It's the worst hard luck story yet."

"Lowenstein thought he had a snap. He's a terrible scientific man and knows all about brains and things like that—reads all the newspapers and keeps right up with the times. So Lowenstein he started out in a new business which he got up all by himself. Chin business—that's what it was—the chin business."

"You see, he had read in the papers that no matter what a man had, if he didn't have a big, square chin he wa'n't any good. He might be as brainy as Benjamin Disraeli or as rich as Rothschild—no matter; if he didn't have that chin he'd just as well shut up shop. So Lowenstein got into some plaster paris moulds and a few saws and vises and visors that you could clamp together, and started in a quiet way, without a sign or an 'adv.' or a failure or anything to catch the crowd."

"The first important customer he had was the Frankenstein. Ike hadn't any chin at all, and it was a miracle how he had ever been able to earn his living. The only lines he was first class in were keeping out of the way and making apologies. He'd go around apologizing for things that nobody'd ever thought of accusing him of doing."

"Well, it's curious, but it's a dead cold fact that in spite of all this Ike had a big ambition to be a general. He had all sorts of books in his rooms on Napoleon, and he could turn off stories about Alexander and Hannibal and General Miles till you couldn't rest. Whenever there was a parade Ike used to turn out and watch the drum major just as far as he could see him."

"Some way, finally, Ike heard of Professor Lowenstein, and so he went to him for treatment. Ike had long ago made up his mind that the only thing that ailed him was his chin. He felt for sure that if he could get his jaw bones squared out he'd be all right to make a record in the Cuban war."

"It was a slow job and it must have hurt a lot, but Frankenstein's chin was pushed out at last and Professor Lowenstein turned him loose. Of course Ike expected to start at once to take command of a force of the Cuban rebels, but some way he found himself hanging around newspaper offices, stage doors and veriscope joints, writing letters for publication ten thousand words long and talking the arm off every man that came near him."

"Then he got him a pet hyena, a trainer, a press agent and a play writer."

"Of course you can see what ailed him, but he couldn't for a long time. Finally he noticed a letter in the paper one morning full of insulting remarks, signed with his name and addressed to Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Maher and Peter Jackson, offering to fight all or any of them to a finish—and then he woke up."

"How did it happen? Well, easy. Lowenstein, it being his first try at the business, got too big a mould, and used more pressure than he ought to. He worked Frankenstein's chin out too far for a general and turned him into a prize fighter."

"Lowenstein wants to see now if he can't push the chin back to the general mark, but Ike has had enough of this kind of misfits, and, besides, he knows a good thing when it makes signs to him with both hands."

"He's hired a lawyer to sue for \$10,000 damages, and unless the case is settled out of court Lowenstein'll have to give up the business, and every duck with a little chin may just as well make up his mind that he hasn't any more show in this world than a Spring lamb's got on Wall Street."

MINNE KONYER.



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How Incapable
the Wicked Are.

AFTER twenty-five years of absence Basil Blanco returned to New York, bringing several millions which he earned or obtained as a pirate on the seas, as a slave driver in Africa, as a merchant without probity, as an unfaithful banker. A giant, with broad shoulders and an enormous black, scrubby wig, Blanco has a terra cotta face, wherein one hardly distinguishes the marks of knife wounds from the wrinkles; black whiskers, ferocious eyebrows and an ogre's mouth. Correctly dressed, in the latest fashion, he wears his clothes well, like a man familiar with all the discharges.

The first thought was to call on Evelyn Mandel. Everybody knows the place which this strange woman has occupied as an accomplice of bad politicians who, at her house, filled election slips and cooked the things that men swallow without knowing what they are eating.

"Yes," said Evelyn, "you were my first lover, and your love was tragic at an age when other children play with dolls. At once our minds understood each other, and we had the ambition of serving Satan, of making rule and cruelty triumph under the skies; but, later, how we changed! The cerebral impressions which one obtains by violating the laws of society and of nature are infinitely limited. Evil is not more amusing to do than good, and all of it ends in a series of commonplace so threadbare that the game is not worth the candle."

"I know it," said Blanco. "You have no sooner butchered people, sold lots of human flesh, cut off useless heads and drunk punches sweetened with gunpowder, than you ask yourself how you are going to waste away the time. You personally, at least, Evelyn, had the pleasure of making heroes pose in ridiculous attitudes."

"Oh, I have enough of my mischief-making," replied Evelyn. "At the end of my career I have come to such a deception that I am stunned by it. You can sympathize with me, Blanco, you, who were born with a heart full of hatred. I had dreamed of leaving after me a woman, charming and terrible, learned as a magician, animated by all the evil passions, frightfully beautiful, wicked, as a plague. To accomplish this I had to find a subject, a child gifted with one of those astonishing splendors of face that stupefy a century and, afterward, I had to dedicate her myself, in order to be sure that she would be as depraved as I."

"In Algiers, on the other side of the Mississippi, at New Orleans, I saw on the street a little girl in rags, so prodigiously beautiful that I felt dazzled. She was not yet ten years old, and her features were pretty, amusing, novel, magnificent. Her eyes were those of those one dies, her mouth was those for which that comitant. She had the agile walk of a fairy, and her chestnut hair, naturally curled, fell on a long and robust neck."

"She was the dreamed-of magician Lillith, the goddess-devil whom I wished to cultivate, and I seized her like a prey; it was not difficult. I went into the dilapidated house where her parents lived and saw at once who they were; the father a drunkard, the mother a vagabond. Oh, heredity, heredity! I bought at once Emily Landreth; I bought her for \$2,000 in cash. The parents, stupidly enchanted, signed a contract to claim nothing more; they promised I should never hear of them, and they have kept their promise. I brought the girl to New York and began at once her education."

"I dressed her in silks, in brocade embroidered with gold and in pearls, like an infant. I gave her jewels. I taught her that everything should belong to her, and, in her room, she walked on carpets of white velvet strewn with petals of roses."

"You were always an artist," said Blanco. "I was an artist this time, at least," said Evelyn. "I wanted to manufacture a monster and I spared no pains to do it. From day to day was developed, in Emily one of those beauties that make all beings kneel. Around her I multiplied mirrors and I accustomed her to having the most ruinous desires. She could ask for whatever passed through her head—flowers which one may not find, moonlight-colored gowns and barons' jewels. Then I armed her with all the arts and all the sciences. She danced like a dancer, she knew how to compose music and she could appreciate a beautiful poem."

"Whew!" whistled Blanco.

"I neglected nothing to demoralize her. At her disposition she had the worst books, the ones that an honest man in the full force of age reads only tremblingly, and she knew in a day all the things that one should not know. Oh! I should have given to her such books only, but one cannot think of everything. Lacking forethought, I did not take care to suppress the poems of Poe and the essays of Emerson. My misfortune has come from them. Emily drew from these books the notion of the ideal. But that was my only error."

"She was, at seventeen years of age, beautiful as the ivory tower, terrible as the scarlet beast, superb as an army in battle array. Ready to hurl this plague into the world, I was asking myself what cataclysm she would cause, what war she could provoke, like Helen of Sparta, and in advance I could see celebrated millionaires, reduced to the vilest misery by Emily's power, picking up cigar butts from the pavements and old mails from the gutters. One day, when I was ruminating these dear, consoling ideas